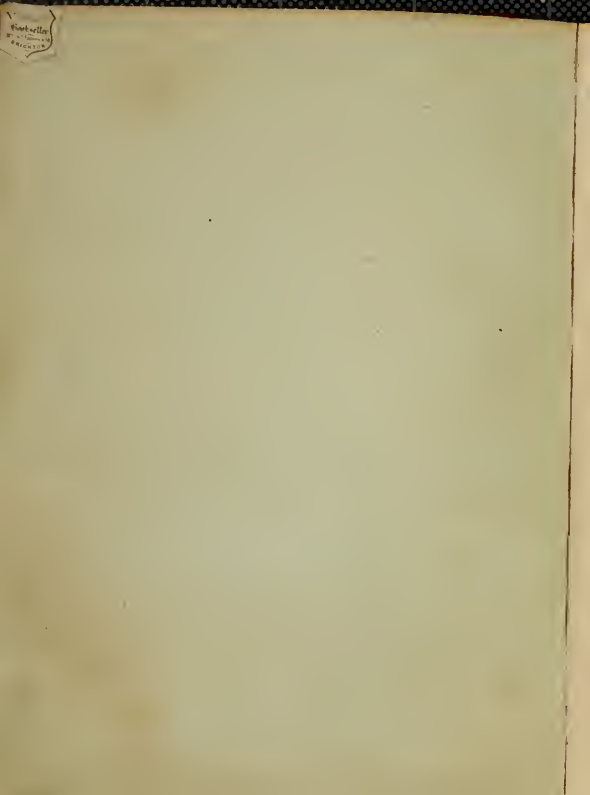


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A Word to Parents.

DEAR FRIENDS,—

As the Father of thirteen children—eight of whom are living, and five long gone to their rest—I would say one word to you. Seeing that God is a God of order and a God of means, I feel it behoves us, in reference to our children, to endeavour to ascertain what may be their early bias or inclinations. This discovered—it should be by no means discouraged ; but (like Mary of old) there should be “ a keeping all these sayings in our hearts ;” and by watching the openings of Divine Providence, and making the matter a subject of earnest prayer, wait for and expect the leading and guiding of our God. It is not for us to *dictate* to the

child, but look for an indication of the Lord's mind and purpose *through* the child.

Much evil has often accrued from going counter to what has been a distinct and forcible predisposing in the youth; the bringing him up to this or that profession, because the *parent* preferred it, or it was the most eligible. This is oftentimes to run in opposition to Providence.

I knew a youth, exceedingly intelligent, the son of a talented Minister. That youth had the most passionate love of chemistry; but, because it was more convenient, his father articed him to a bookseller. Whilst his *hands* were at the counter or in the counting-house, his *heart* was in the laboratory; and he went, in consequence, to speedy and absolute ruin.

In my own case, my father was most anxious to train me up to follow him as a merchant; but, seeing my strong predilections for the press, my mother thought it might be "the finger of God;" and to her perseverance, under God, I

attribute the furtherance of my very youthful and long-cherished desires.

I may remark also, as an encouragement to parents to cherish certain desires which they may possess, and to pray over them, that my beloved mother was commonly heard to say, "Oh to have a child a witness for Himself!" Long after she had gone to her rest, that wish was gratified. And who knows but the same God may, in *His* time, confirm and ratify the same ardent desire in some of our hearts, on behalf of *our* dear children? "Is anything too hard for the Lord?"

That the Lord may direct you in all things; that He may give us grace "to train up our children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord;" and that this little volume may be a humble means of stimulating your dear children, and drawing out their young and ardent minds, is the hearty desire of their devoted Friend and

Your obedient Servant,

OLD JONATHAN.

Nov. 10, 1856.



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INTRODUCTION.

Jonathan—His Boyhood—His Motto—Thoughts, good and bad—About to Try—Is it Right?—The Broken Window—Confession—The Proud Boy and the Halfpenny Errand—The Shortness of Time—Patience and Perseverance.



OYS! I am going to TRY and write something for you. I was a boy once, and I can remember a good deal of what I used to think and feel when I was a boy. And I dare say, as hearts are so much alike, you think and feel just as I used to do. Hence I will try and write what I hope, under God, may be of use to you. But at the outset I would have you know, that what I am going to tell you is all strictly *true*.

Well now, as it is usual with ministers to take a text as a sort of starting-post, I think I cannot do better than take one. But my text is to be very short. Boys, you know, are not fond of long texts, as they have often to repeat them when they get home, or at school next day. T—R—Y! That's my text.

I. T. *T* stands for *thought*. I need not tell you, for I am sure you know it too well, that there are many kinds of thought. There are good thoughts and bad thoughts. Thoughts that come from God, and thoughts that come from Satan, and our own bad hearts. There are thoughts about time, and thoughts about eternity. Thoughts for the body, and thoughts for the soul. Angry thoughts and peaceful thoughts. Selfish thoughts, or thoughts about what we shall get and have; generous thoughts, or how we can help others. But out of the many thoughts which pass and re-pass the mind, it is one kind of thought of which I want now to speak. It is that sort of thought which boys have when they hear or read of others. They hear or they read of men who have been useful men and happy men, and, what some people call, great men; and they think, "Ah, but they never were as I am. They must have had what I have not. They had good homes, or great friends, or plenty of money, or what not; and all this was the secret of their success. This was why they became such useful

men or such happy men." Now, dear boys, these are very wrong thoughts; for, in most cases, those who have become great men and good men, had not, as boys, what you speak of. For too often it is that when boys have such good homes (as they are called), or great friends, or so much money, they think they need not give heed to our text—TRY.

II. R. *R* stands for *Right*. When we are about to try to do this or to do that, it is well to *think*, "Is it right?" And as it may be hard to know now and then whether to go here or there, or whether to do this or that, is *right*, I will tell you a very ready way to find out if it is *right* or not. Think of and repeat over, these four short words, "THOU, GOD, SEEST ME." This will be almost sure to decide the matter. And if helped to do what is *right*, take my word for it you will be a ten times happier boy, than if you take your own way, and do what is *wrong*. I will tell you why. I knew a boy once to throw a stone—a very bad practice, mark—and with that stone he broke a window. It was dark, and he ran away. But he thought, "Is this *right*?" Should I like any one to serve me the same? So he went to the shop, and told the person who kept it, that it was *he* who had broken the window. Now it was at first quite a task—really an effort—to do this; but he was all the happier afterwards. He could not have passed that shop without thinking of the broken pane, if he had not gone

and done what was *right*. It is much the easiest and much the best way. Again, I knew a boy once who had a very proud heart; he thought a great deal too much of what others thought of him. But one day he was put to a very severe test. His master sent him upon an errand. It was to go to a shop in a very fine street, where a good many ladies and gentlemen used to deal, and to ask the shopkeeper for a *halfpenny* which his master said he owed him. The boy walked up that fine street, and, thinking what he had to do, said to himself, "I'd sooner pay the *halfpenny* myself a dozen times over; but would it be *right*? Did not my master send me? Are not his commands all the same, whether it is for a penny or a pound?" So, feeling it was *right*, into the shop he went; and, when asked what was wanted, said, his master had sent him for a *halfpenny*. It was a *trial*, but it was a *triumph*, too. Why? it was *right*.

III. Y. Y stands for *years*. A *year* seems a long time when 365 days have to come and go before it ends; and when five, or ten, or fifteen years have to pass away ere such things as boys set their minds upon can be had. They are apt to want patience, and to say, "Oh, it's no good to think of it. Why should I *try*? What's the use?" This is anything but *right*, and too often leads to what is *wrong*. If, on the other hand, the mind was set, first, to *think*, and,

secondly, to *do* what was *right*, it is strange how quickly months and years seem to glide away.

Well now, dear boys, having given you a few thoughts upon my text, I shall proceed to *proof*. I shall show you, from plain matter of fact, that it *is* of use to TRY; and this will bring us to our first chapter.



1882

CHAPTER I.

Arthur and John—Uncle and Nephew—Their early Days, and how they came to live together—The Sick-Bed—The Dying Mother so happy—The Hymn—The bereaved Husband—Goes to Sea—John's Sorrow—Arthur's Sympathy—Their Friendship—Death of Richard and Louisa—Their Funeral—The little Mourners.



OME years ago there were two little boys—not brothers—but though there was only a year-and-a-half between them in age, they stood related to each other as uncle and nephew. It seemed very strange at first to hear the younger salute his companion with, “Uncle this,” and “Un-

cle that,” but this, after a time, he discontinued; and each called the other by his Christian name. Well, though they were not brothers, still they lived in the same family, and under the same roof; and I will tell you how this happened. When John (that is, the younger) was about four

years old, his mamma was taken very ill. He had then a younger brother named Richard, and a little sister—quite a babe—named Louisa. Soon after this babe was born, his mamma became so weak and delicate, that fears were entertained about her recovery ; and, alas ! these fears proved to be correct. She got worse and worse—weaker and weaker—until at length she died. But hers, as far as she was concerned, was a happy sick-bed, and a joyful death ; for with the great Apostle Paul, she could say, “I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him against that day.” Look at the engraving opposite. There is John’s dear mamma upon her sick-bed ; his papa weeping ; John looking up with an expression, “ Don’t cry, papa !” Arthur and little Richard on one side of the bed ; and Jane—a faithful nurse, of whom I shall afterwards have to speak—on the other. I will give you a proof that she was happy, though she knew that her end was very near. Her husband was standing by her bed-side one day, as well as some other members of her family. Addressing him in her usually affectionate manner, she said, “ My dear, I wish you would sing that sweet hymn,

“ On Jordan’s stormy banks I stand.”

“ I will *read* it to you, my dear,” was his reply ; “ but our





hearts are too *sad* to *sing* it :” and then he read those touching lines :—

“ On Jordan’s stormy banks I stand,
And east a wishful eye ;
To Canaan’s fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

“ Oh the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight !
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

“ O’er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day ;
There God the Sun for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

“ No chilling winds or pois’nous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore ;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

“ When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest ?
When shall I see my Father’s face,
And in his bosom rest ?

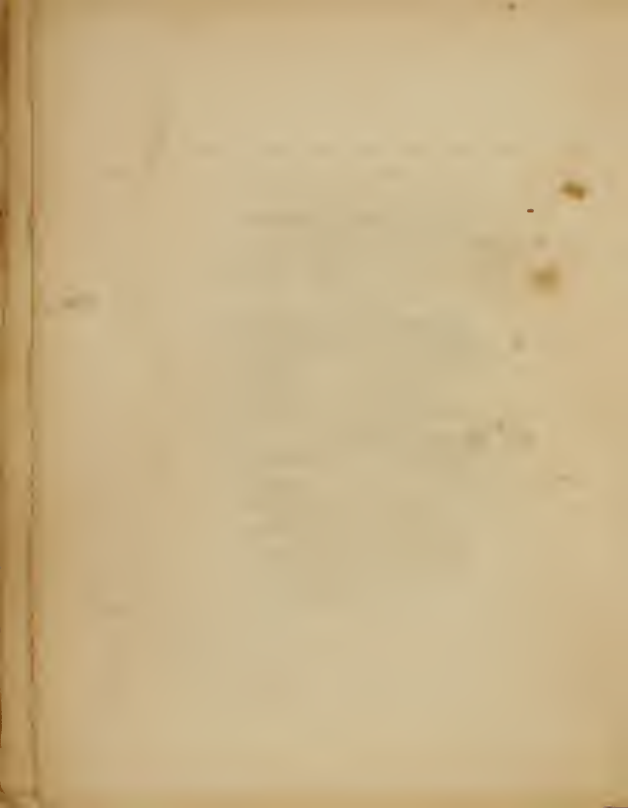
“ Fill’d with delight, my raptur’d soul,
Could here no longer stay ;
Though Jordan’s waves around me roll,
Fearless I’d launch away.”

I cannot but add, may you, my dear Boys, and I, have the same heart-cheering prospect, when brought into the same circumstances.

Well, as I said, John’s dear mamma died ; and, after she was gone, the house was so gloomy, and everything so bespoke his sad, sad loss, that John’s beloved papa resolved to give up house-keeping, and once more go to sea. His furniture was, therefore, sold off ; the house closed ; and John and his little brother and sister went to reside with their grandparents. It was here that John and Arthur (the name we will give the elder boy—the uncle) became more closely united. No two youths could be dearer to each other than were these. Morning, noon, and night, found them side by side—heart was entwined about heart ; they were *as one* ; most near and dear. John’s papa’s going to sea again was deeply trying, not only to himself, but to his whole circle of kindred and acquaintance. Scarcely had he time to recover from the shock of that sad separation from one so tenderly and deservedly loved, ere he felt it his duty to separate also from those who had before so cheered his little circle. It



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was a mournful day, when John's beloved papa bade him a long farewell, and, embarking at Portsmouth, sailed for Jamaica. He knew the uncertainty of life, and felt that he might soon be called to bear further painful losses. See engraving, page 12. There is John's dear papa shaking hands with his father-in-law (Arthur's father); and John and Arthur at their feet; whilst an uncle takes Richard upon his knee.

Arthur saw John's sorrow upon his papa's departure, and he resolved, as far as in him lay, to make up the loss. Whatever they had been before, they were to be still more devoted now. They were to be bosom-friends indeed. They walked and talked by day; and commonly by night were deep in conversation long after they had retired to rest. They had a tolerable share of toys; but their delight, for most part, was in books. Whilst the Book of books was ever near them, in their bed-room they had three long shelves, and these well filled with history and narrative.

But, as though their attachment was as yet incomplete, another circumstance arose to cement the bond of union, and to bind them (if possible) yet closer to each other. Richard (John's brother) one day was taken very ill; he grew worse and worse, and speedily died. Here was another void, which made John turn to Arthur, as if to say, "Make up this further loss." Three days had scarce elapsed,

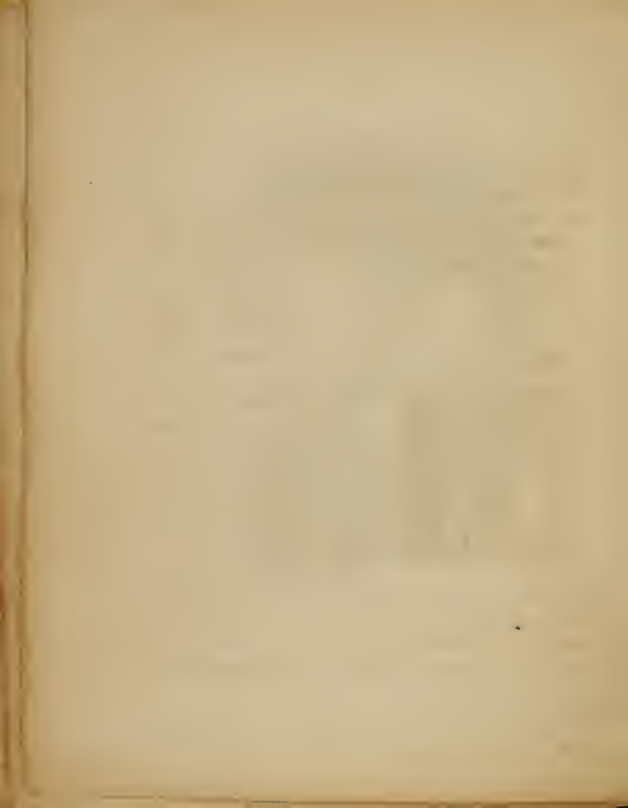
ere Louisa (the babe) was seized, and she died too. There, at either end of the sofa, lay these precious ones, lovely in the sleep of death. Many went to the house of mourning, to gaze upon a scene so touching. But one now remained of that interesting trio; but one of a group about which a father's love and a mother's tender devotion had so entwined.

Once again the mourners meet—and the coaches come to carry to a mother's grave the sacred relics of her offspring. One they were in life, and scarcely in death divided. See those two devoted youths, as they sit side by side, upon their mournful mission. What are their words—what their reflections—as they gaze upon those tiny coffins, and listen to the measured tread of horses? What means that deep-toned bell? What this halt? What this procession? What those solemn words, as they echo o'er these tombs, "I am the resurrection and the life?" What this open grave? What that hollow sound, as "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," drop upon the ear?





Page 12.



CHAPTER II.

Youth the best time to suffer—Discipline a good beginning of life—Produces thought and carefulness—The spoiled Son—His extravagance and after-fall—His Father dies—The rich Merchant—Indulged Children—His Death—Their Fortunes—Their Failure—The Folly of Looking to Friends—The advantage of Self-reliance—The Book of Proverbs and its Claims—The Sweets of Wisdom.



Y last chapter was sad. It could not be otherwise. Had I drawn a veil over the facts there-mentioned, I should have failed to show the nature and groundwork of the union that existed between John and Arthur. I hope in my present, but especially my future chapters, however, to take a more cheering view of the course these two youths were to pursue. It is said in the Scriptures, that "it is good that a man bear the yoke in his youth." By which I understand it is well that in his early days he

should have such tests and such trials as should lead him to form a just view of life, and that he might then know for himself what the world is, and what he might expect in passing through it. If the days of youth were all sunshine, and clouds never obscured his fair heavens, he would form opinions of life so bright and so promising, that disappointment must follow. Thousands are thus deceived, and hence lay the foundation of future restlessness and discontent. Whereas, if in their early days they have been sobered by *care*, thoughtfulness and caution may be looked for as the good result.

Perhaps a simple example will best explain this.

JONATHAN knew a youth—an only son—whose father being in what is termed easy circumstances, and very indulgent, he was in the habit of receiving all he wanted. His every wish was granted. However large or extravagant his desires, they were always complied with. He knew nothing of denial or restraint. At last he was sent out into the world. He was placed to a profession. As he advanced in years, his claims were larger and more frequent. His father was at length no longer able to supply his wants. The young man thus, for the first time, disappointed, rebelled. His father soon after died; and he whom (under God) prudence and care might have directed into a thoughtful course, speedily became a wanderer and a vagabond. Had he “borne the

yoke in his youth," very different might have been the results !

JONATHAN was also acquainted with a large and at one time respectable family. The head of it had been very successful as a merchant. His children were much indulged. Self-denial was little, if at all, known in that family circle. At length the parent died ; and, when his property—large as it was in itself—came to be divided amongst some twelve or thirteen children, £1200 or £1500 each was but a small sum to sport with. The same expensive habits were indulged, until each and every one was reduced to within a shade of pauperism. Had the several members of this large household "borne the yoke in their youth," they had known better how to have taken care of the little wealth which, well applied, might have made them comfortable for the residue of their days.

The looking too much to parents, rich uncles and aunts, or kind relatives and friends, is most injurious. JONATHAN would affectionately caution his young friends against this. It crushes that *self-reliance* which, as a human means, is so necessary to cherish. It is an old saying, and contains a great deal of truth, "God helps the man who helps himself." It is "the diligent soul is made fat" as to time-things, as well as to eternal things.

As being in keeping with these remarks, JONATHAN would

urge upon his dear young readers the careful perusal of the Book of Proverbs. The sayings of the Wise Man (if stored up in the heart) may be a great help as well as a timely preservative. "My son," says Solomon, "despise not the chastening of the Lord, neither be weary of his correction; [this is to bear the yoke in his youth] for whom the Lord loveth He correcteth, even as a father the son in whom he delighteth. Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding. For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. She is more precious than rubies: and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her. Length of days is in her right hand: and in her left hand riches and honour. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her: and happy is every one that retaineth her. The Lord by wisdom hath founded the earth: by understanding hath He established the heavens. By his knowledge the depths are broken up, and the clouds drop down the dew. My son, let not them depart from thine eyes: keep sound wisdom and discretion: so shall they be life unto thy soul, and grace to thy neck. Then shalt thou walk in thy way safely, and thy foot shall not stumble. When thou liest down, thou shalt not be afraid: yea, thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet."

CHAPTER III.

The Study of the Scriptures—The Nurse—Her Mistress's Dying Word—Jane loves her memory—She reads—Is blessed—Prays with and for her youthful Charge—The Blessing of a praying Servant—The Godly Step-sister and Aunt—Her Influence upon the Youthful Mind—The Affliction, its Influence—The Voice of Fact—Martial Music—The Soldier's Funeral—Thoughts of Heaven—Arthur and John—Their Cheerfulness—Home-comforts and Home-pleasures good as a Preservative.



IN his last chapter JONATHAN recommended to his youthful reader the reading of the Scriptures. It has reminded him of a touching scene at the death of John's beloved mamma. She had a trustworthy nurse, who received, in common with others, her mistress's dying blessing. Her last request to the nurse was expressed in these words, "*Jane, read your Bible.*" Jane loved her mistress; and, when she was no more, oftentimes thought of her dying wish.

She gave heed to it. She did read her Bible day by day ; and from that time forward, the fruits of that reading were to be seen. As she followed the motherless children to their new home, often would Jane take Arthur and John to her own room, and, bending the knee in prayer, would entreat the Lord to bless them. She was earnest and fervent. Prayer with her was no mere duty, but a privilege. She felt it good to be able to go and pour out her sorrows and her wants into the ears of Him who hath said, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me;" "Acknowledge Him in all thy ways, and He shall direct thy paths." There is not a doubt that Jane's prayers were heard on behalf of herself and the youths of whom she had the charge.

Oh, what a blessing is a praying servant. How many a dear youth has had to date his first serious impressions to the counsel and the care of a prayerful domestic.

But Arthur and John were favoured also in another respect. Not only had they godly parents and grandparents, but the step-sister of Arthur and aunt of John was a godly person too, and she, for a time, undertook the education of these youths. Doubtless to her kind solicitude was to be traced, in measure, their early formation of character. Her devotion to their interests was extreme. The repeated afflictions and bereavements with which the family had been so

painfully familiar, gave tone to her counsel, and tended in no small degree, to confirm her statements. It was no mere matter of hearsay. It was not that such and such things had occurred, or perchance might occur, but there was the presence of the fact. And, as they lived in the outskirts of a large naval and military town, and just at the close of a long and eventful war, how would the frequent sound of martial music, or the witnessing of a soldier's funeral, arouse reflection, and carry the mind even of those youths into the world where those near and dear to them had entered. These various circumstances combined, tended much to check and control that over-elatedness of spirit which is so common in youth.

The reader must not, however, imagine that Arthur and John were dull, and lacking cheerfulness. Such was far from being the case. They had their set hours for study, and between those hours abundant recreation. Being so nearly of an age,—related to each other,—and brought together under such peculiar circumstances, there was a oneness of taste and feeling, which was a source of ever-new delight. Home was their citadel; they cared not for out-door companions; hence bad associations were avoided, and an immensity of evil saved.

Arthur and John had cause for thankfulness in that all reasonable sources of home-pleasure were afforded them.

Parents and guardians might save themselves much after-sorrow, and the objects of their care many a snare, by making home as attractive as possible. Arthur and John had their play-ground as well as their play-room; they had also their little poultry-yard, and niche in the flower-garden, as well as a bed for mustard-and-cress, or early radishes. In their little garden, on one occasion, they planted some laburnum seeds; from these sprang two lovely trees, one of which still flourishes as a memento of those early days.



CHAPTER IV.

Difference of Disposition—John hasty, but more prudent—His self-government—Arthur timid, but thoughtless—Curiosity dangerous—Need of shunning the very appearance of evil—Their Visit to Devonshire—The Ramble—Soldiers and their Companions—The Temptation—Arthur's indiscretion—John's firmness and affectionate reproof—The Danger of going in the Way of evil—Both Preservation from Sin, and Pardon for Sin, ascribed to God.



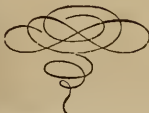
YOUNG and closely united as these two devoted youths were, a difference of temperament was soon perceptible. John was far before Arthur in strength of mind and fixedness of purpose. It is true that he had a hasty temper, and an occasional outbreak of that temper involved him in many after-regrets. He saw and felt how wrong was the indulgence of passion, and never did a youth more earnestly

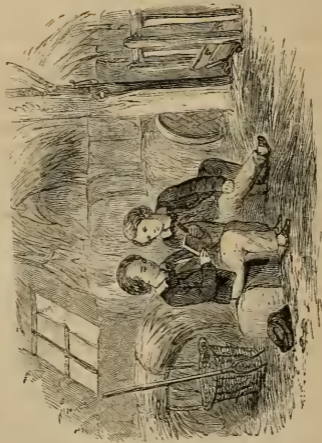
struggle with himself. He was ever on the watch ; and there cannot be a doubt, that his keen sense of right and wrong, and the early discovery of his own personal weakness and infirmity, led to that caution and prompt avoidance of evil which so strikingly marked his riper years. On the other hand, Arthur, though deeply sensitive, and the subject of timidity and fear to an unusual degree, was less watchful, and much more easily led astray. There was a curiosity and inquisitiveness about him which led him to hover about, and parley with temptation, where John, with the utmost promptitude would have exclaimed, " How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against the Lord ?"

The after-career of these youths was widely different. Arthur encountered ten-fold more suffering than John ; and to the fact just mentioned may be ascribed the distinction. Hence JONATHAN would urge upon his dear young friends the " abstaining from all appearance of evil." True it is, that Arthur, in common with John, was singularly preserved, and in both was verified the gracious assurance,—“ Train up a child in the way he should go, and, when he is old, he will not depart from it ;” but of Arthur, it may be said, notwithstanding, he was “ saved by the skin of his teeth.” Many and many a snare did his own incaution, want of firmness, and idle curiosity, lead him into, where John would have rushed from the very first approach of the

tempter. One simple fact will prove this. Arthur and John were one Midsummer upon a visit in Devonshire. They were now youths of 15 to 17, or thereabouts. One day they were walking round the sea-coast, very near some large barracks, when, upon a turn of the road, they suddenly fell in with a number of soldiers and abandoned women. Instantly these shouted, and charged the youths with cowardice. Arthur halted, but John walked on; and presently, when Arthur came up with him, "Arthur," said John, "it was wrong to have stopped;" and so it was. Much evil might have been the consequence. It was, to say the least, a partial yielding to temptation. Arthur, in too great a measure, forgot the injunction, "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not;" "My son, walk not thou in the way with them; refrain thy foot from their path" (Prov. i. 10, 15). "Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away." "Let thine eyes look right on, and let thine eyelids look straight before thee. Ponder the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established. Turn not to the right hand, nor to the left: remove thy foot from evil" (Prov. iv. 14, 15). Much, as has been intimated, of Arthur's after-anguish—and he had no small portion—may be ascribed to his want of abiding by the golden rule of shunning the very path of the wicked. "Can a man take fire in his

hosom, and his clothes not be burned? Can one go upon hot coals, and his feet not be burned?" (Prov. vi. 27, 28). Hence both Arthur and John may well argue the point as to which is the greatest debtor to God's free and sovereign grace: John, who had strength to resist the very semblance of sin, or Arthur, who might well again and again say, "My feet were *almost* gone, my steps had *well nigh* slipped?" (Ps. lxxvii. 2). Certain, however, it is, that neither in the one case nor the other, was there the slightest cause for boasting; but well might each exclaim, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy, and for thy truth's sake" (Ps. cxv. 1).





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CHAPTER V.

The Love of Books—Cheap Publications—Their Introduction—Magazine Day—The Binder's—The Young Bookworms, and the Library—Sunday Afternoon Readings—Juvenile Biographies, and their Suggestions—Wish to be a Missionary—Desires for Authorship, Printing, and Publishing—The Welfare of Others—Such Thoughts to be Cherished—Generally the Forerunner of Good—God to be acknowledged—The Dispensations of Providence—Try, in spite of Difficulties.



THE love of Arthur and John for books I spoke of in a previous chapter. Above all, however, the Scripture was their choice. At night each placed his Bible under his pillow, that so, if roused at early morn, they might read. Their books being ranged over the head of their bed, were so much the more accessible. At that time cheap publications were little known. "The Sunday Scholar's Maga-

zine" and "Child's Companion" were among the first cheap issue. These were carefully collected, and in due time bound. The first of the month was looked for with special interest, as that would bring a moderate influx to their library. Their pocket-money was nearly all devoted to the purchase of little books, which being read, and then duly preserved, were, as soon as they would make a good-sized volume, taken off to the nearest binder, to be sewn together and half-bound. And how anxious were Arthur and John for the given time to pass, in order that upon the promised day, they might call for the newly-bound book. How carefully was it wrapped in paper; how nimble their steps homeward; how general its exhibition through the family circle; how fresh the interest, whilst submitted in the new covering, to another perusal; and, lastly, how attractive in their eyes its appearance, when ranged with red, and brown, and green, upon their book-shelves.

So great was their taste for books, and such was their fondness for reading, that on many a Sunday afternoon, between the hours of service, would Arthur and John be found seated side by side, even in a hay-loft, perusing with deep interest some fresh addition to their library, or volume which had aforetime afforded them instruction and pleasure. Juvenile biographies always gave them great delight; and the mind of at least one of them (if not expressed) was so often

impressed with the idea, "What a delightful thing it would be to be a *Missionary*. How nice to *print* these books, and what a privilege to be able to *write* them. Oh, what a happy thing this would be. Men might have all the world for me, if I could but do this. Oh, what a useful art, and what an enviable position—a Minister who, from both pulpit and press, might publish to his poor fellow-sinners the greatness of salvation by so gracious a Saviour."

As this ardent desire, and these feelings, have very much to do with the sequel of this little history, JONATHAN would pause for a moment to urge upon his beloved young readers, not the *crushing* but the *cherishing* of such thoughts, when thus impressed upon the mind, not as a mere passing wish, but as a sober, settled desire after some lawful pursuit. The great object that JONATHAN has in writing this little volume is to encourage his dear young friends in these their lawful and becoming wishes. He would say, Away with the idea, that it is an unlikely thing—an impossibility; that it is unreasonable to suppose *you* should ever attain to such and such a position, or that such and such desires are the least likely to be gratified. In all probability they are to be granted. The wish almost invariably precedes the realization. It is in the wise ordainings of PROVIDENCE, that a certain taste for this, that, or the other pursuit, should go before its opening out or accomplishment. And the same God who in-

fuses these desires, when looked up to and acknowledged, does by little and little remove every impediment, and accomplish in and for those who seek Him, “the good pleasure of his will.” Even in the common, every-day dispensations of PROVIDENCE, the diligent and persevering man attains his object, if so be it is a lawful one; how much more those who have grace to wait upon Him, concerning whom Solomon says, “In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths” (Prov. iii. 6). Looking to God, and leaning upon Him, JONATHAN would have his dear young friends remember our text—make it their watchword—and, in spite of all difficulties and discouragements,

TRY.

CHAPTER VI.

An Example—Jonathan's old Friend, the Bookseller—His Son—Delicacy and Reserve—Love for Study—Desire for the Ministry—Enters College—Is Ordained—And becomes the acceptable Curate of —The Young Country Printer—Goes to London—Disappointment—Tries—Introduced to a London Establishment—Progresses—Perseveres—Selected by His Employer as His Successor—Commences Business—Succeeds—Marries—Becomes a Happy Husband—A fond Father—An independent Tradesman.



PERHAPS this may be the best place to give an example of the good resulting from perseverance. JONATHAN called one day upon an old and valued friend, a bookseller, and, after some general conversation, made special inquiries after his family. "They are all well," said he, "and going on very satisfactorily. But

there is one," he added, alluding to a tall delicate young man engaged behind the counter, "that I cannot understand. He is always poring over his Greek Testament, Latin Grammar, or something of the kind. His heart does not seem in the business."

"Indeed," said JONATHAN; "have you any idea how his taste lies?"

"No," was the reply.

"Well, let me TRY him. Perhaps he is a little shy of expressing himself to you, as his father, or to one of his own family."

So saying, JONATHAN presently walked towards him, and began:—

"Well, T——e, and are you happy at this kind of work?" as he stood sorting and serving sundry kinds of publications.

"Not very, thank you."

"Indeed! Is there anything else you would prefer?"

He was silent; not a word would he speak.

"If your mind," continued JONATHAN, "is set upon anything else, now is the time to say so. You have a kind Father, whose delight it would be to do all in his power to further any reasonable request."

Still there was a pause.

“ Now let me entreat you to speak, if there is anything pressing upon your mind.”

“ Well, then,” said he, trembling, and with the tear starting to his eye, and a flush to his pallid cheek, “ I wish to be in the Church.”

“ Oh ! very good !” was the answer. Let us TRY what can be done.”

“ His heart,” said JONATHAN, withdrawing from the young man, and once more addressing his father, “ is set upon the Ministry.”

The father listened with becoming solicitude—with a parent’s interest. His children had been well trained. Himself the most persevering and honourable of men, had inculcated in his children, not only habits of industry, but of the utmost self-reliance. Each was in great measure self-taught, and few families were more remarkable for their sound judgment—good sense—and general information.

“ What is to be done ?” at length said his father.

“ Try St. Bees’, or King’s College.”

Inquiries were promptly made about both the above Universities, which ended in the young man being speedily entered as a student in the latter. He applied himself closely ; he *tried* to master every difficulty as one by one they were presented ; he succeeded to the astonishment of everyone. Having completed his College-course, and taken

out his degree, he next presented himself as a candidate for ordination, having been promised a title by an Incumbent in Lancashire. He passed the Bishop of M———'s examination most creditably; was ordained; and is now, with renovated health, and a zeal becoming that high and holy office to which he has been admitted, fulfilling the arduous duties of the Curacy of ———.

So much for TRYING. This is one instance out of the multitudes that might be quoted. Let one more suffice—a case which is equally well known to JONATHAN. Some years ago, a youth called, in company with his father, upon an extensive London printer. “I have brought my son up from the country,” said he, “to place him in a London office; but not being satisfied with appearances, I have called to ask if you will take him?” The father was so earnest, and the son so anxious, that the employer could not resist the appeal. He had *tried* previously by letter to put the applicant off, by stating what was the fact, that he had no vacancy. But the father being a member of the TRY Company, would not, it seems, be put off; and having, as stated, gone to London, in quest of another situation for his son, called personally upon the party in question—a good example for all who are disposed to TRY, to adopt—and by renewed efforts, succeeded in his object. The youth was received into the Establishment. In spite

CHAPTER VIII.

Copper-plate Printing too hard for beginners—Letter-press preferable—Arthur's errand—The Office-window—First sight of Printing—John and Arthur conferring—Their acquaintance with a young Printer—Visit to a Printing-office—Book-labels.



COPPER - PLATE printing was rather a serious beginning for these two juveniles. They might have tried their hand with better success at the letter-press, if so be they had furnished themselves with an alphabet or two of types, a little pad for inking, and a small groove for holding the letters with a handle for pressing; but at the time of which I speak, Arthur and John knew nothing of such things.

By degrees, however, they came to know more. A little circumstance helped them on their way. It happened that Arthur was one day sent upon an errand for his father. He had to go into the town in the outskirts of which they lived. In

passing through one of the streets, he saw an old-fashioned window, with small panes of glass, cut diamond-fashion. He thought it strange, and, looking in as he passed, he saw a man and boy engaged just within side of the window. First there were two uprights of wood, say three inches thick by six inches broad, and about eight feet high; then there were three or four cross-pieces of about three feet long, which braced the two uprights together; in the centre of two of these cross-pieces was fixed a kind of screw, and attached to this a long handle, which upon being pulled over, brought down a thick piece of timber, or iron-faced slab upon a surface of wood, which was made to run in and out upon a sort of tramway. All this seemed a strange sort of proceeding to Arthur, and at first he could not understand what it meant; but presently he saw a boy step forward from the rear of one of the uprights, and with two large black pallets that he held in his hands, thump away upon something which lay upon the flat surface. In another moment the man placed a blank sheet of paper upon a frame-work to his right hand—turned it down—rolled it under the cross-piece to which the screw was fixed, and then with all his might pulled over the long handle. All this was passing strange. “What can the man and the boy be at?” said Arthur to himself. But almost before the thought passed through his mind, the man turned the surface back again, and, raising the frame upon which he

CHAPTER X.

John's love for Literature, Arthur's for Commerce—John more persevering than Arthur—Fowl-keeping—Their losses—Danger of Insolvency—The Walk—The Hail-storm—Prosperity—Reverses—The rescued Bird.



YOUNG as they were, a difference of taste already began to show itself in these two boys. The one was deeply interested in commercial pursuits—the other equally so in literary matters. In the one there was a quickness of thought, but sluggishness of action ; in the other perhaps less invention and originality, but thorough industry, and the most praiseworthy perseverance.

Of the two, most certainly the latter should be the example. However desirable quick-thoughtedness and keenness of apprehension may be, closeness of application and a determinate perseverance are more to be sought after. This better comports with our motto—TRY. Such was the deter-

mination of John, that he has been heard to say, "I have had to read such and such, over and over again, even eight or ten times, before I could catch the meaning, or master it;" whereas, it is not unlikely Arthur would have laid it aside at a second or third reading, as a hopeless matter.

The different taste of these boys, it has been said, began to show itself early. Arthur's commercial life began in the purchase, wholesale, and vending retail to his school-fellows, of half-a-gross of lead pencils. With the profits and pocket-money, both Arthur and John commenced a poultry-yard, the produce in eggs of which were to be disposed of all the year round at one penny each. But soon after they commenced operations as poulterers, they were likely to have become bankrupts. Their poultry-yard was confined; there was no run for their fowl; more hand-feeding was necessary: barley being dear, and the weather cold, the outlay far exceeded the returns. In fact the fowls were chilled, and there were no eggs. Our young speculators were in a fright as well as a fix. Upon application to the seller of the fowl, stating that they did not come up to his representations, he said, "Wait 'till there is a shower of hail, then you may expect some eggs." Taking for granted *he* must know, the patience of our young friends was taxed a little longer: they went on buying and feeding in hope, but still no eggs. At length, one afternoon, having gone with Arthur's venerable

summoned home by the sudden death of a beloved sister. So speedy was her illness and death, that decomposition instantly setting in, Arthur was not allowed to see her; but previous to his arrival, of his own accord John had gone several times, in the stillness of the night, to the room where she was lying, to gaze upon her sacred remains.

Dear boys, there are those who are martyrs to fear where no fear in reality is. How desirable, then, the seeking after and the cultivation of a steady fixedness of mind and purpose. Bravado, or a careless defiance of danger, is one thing; but a calm consideration of difficulty, and corresponding resolve to meet it, quite another; the one is to be avoided, the other cherished. And, in a youth's after-course in life, how much good, under God, will accrue from the exercise of thought, watchfulness, and care.



CHAPTER XII.

John as an Orphan—Promptings to perseverance—His forethought—"Prevention better than cure"—Arthur more heedless, and, in consequence, the greater sufferer—A Caution—John benefitted by others' trials—Arthur in need of an adviser.



PERHAPS the fact of John being left an orphan had much to do with the formation of his character. Notwithstanding the kindness of friends—and that was unbounded—there is no doubt, that the recollection of his dependent position would oftentimes present itself to John's mind, and prompt him to exertion. It is equally probable that it begat thoughtfulness and prudence. It was often said within hearing of these youths, "the young especially should *think* before they *speak*;" certain it is, that in John's case, he would ever "*think* before he *acted*." He would carefully weigh the matter, and learn to view it in all its bearings; and thus a flaw might be remedied

CHAPTER XXI.

Heavenly zeal—The Christian's anxiety to impart—Arthur's first attempt at Authorship—His Success and subsequent Defeat—The Review and its effects—Arthur goes to London—Letter of Recommendation—Timidity—Obtains a Situation—Commences Business—Undertakes an Editorship—Bereavements.



EAL is an early fruit of grace in the heart. The very reverse of human nature—which wants to *obtain* and to *hold*—divine grace is no sooner given than its possessor wants to *impart*. He longs for others to partake of his peace, his pleasure, his prospects. Feelings of this kind actuated young

Arthur, when God was pleased to “turn him from darkness to light, and from the power of sin and Satan unto God.” Years before, he had thought how he should like to write a book; and now, with a fresh spring, and a holy impulse, he thought to make the attempt. He wrote a little 32mo.,

addressed to youth, "Upon the great importance of, and benefits arising from, seeking the Lord whilst young." Having finished the MS., he sent it to John, who had it printed. It took well, and some four or five thousand were sold in a few weeks. Pleased with his success—and no doubt a vast deal more proud of it than he at the time was aware—Arthur soon made a second attempt at Authorship; but a fellow Sunday-School-teacher procuring an early copy of his new production, urged a London reviewer to "cut it up." For such a criticism—our Author being scarcely seventeen at the time—was not prepared. He had no notion of being so severely handled, and very soon made his exit from off the publishing-stage. Many a year passed before he ventured as an author to appear in public again. His next effort, however, was altogether as favourably received. It was a story founded on fact, and soon ran through an edition. But a little prior to this, Arthur, at the close of his term, left the country for London. With a letter of recommendation, he presented himself to the principal of a large establishment. "I cannot comply with this," said he, "unless I supplant some one else." Arthur would not hear of this; and his heart failing him when glancing round at the extent of the building, he felt pleased rather than otherwise at the result of his application. He was very little in the TRY-mood at the time. A fortnight after, he called again, merely to say that he had



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done so, when the principal offered him a situation. Again his heart misgave him ; and but for the kindness of the gentleman in question, would most certainly have declined the offer. That gentleman perhaps remembered his own entrance upon life—first, as a shop-boy, from which he rose to the head of the establishment, leaving it for his present more extensive one, with a capital of many thousand pounds. It is well when employers are mindful of their former position, and act accordingly. Encouraged by the gentleness of the party in question, Arthur entered that establishment ; he *tried*, and in three weeks occupied one of the most desirable positions in it. If he had had his choice among the hundred and fifty engaged there, the place to which he was appointed, would have been the one he would have selected. He remained in that situation some three or four years, gaining much practical knowledge ; and afterwards commenced business on his own account, beginning by degrees, and enlarging according to circumstances, until he occupied for some ten years the premises spoken of in a previous chapter.

Here, after a season, much domestic sorrow fell to his portion. At the suggestion of a beloved friend, he—in addition to the superintendence of an extensive printing and publishing establishment—undertook an Editorship that involved him in the necessity of a special course of training. As it has been repeatedly said, Arthur's impulsive temperament

needed discipline. Apart from this, the position to which he was now called, made such discipline the more indispensable. That discipline he had—in trial upon trial—temptation after temptation—one bereavement rapidly following another. First a sweet boy; then two lovely girls; next the object of his youthful love, and devoted companion of his riper years, was smitten. Consumption wasted her delicate frame; and, upon the brink of that family and oft-opened grave, stood Arthur and the last fond relic of his once happy household. “Not going to bury *me*,” said he, in his childish unconsciousness of what a funeral was; as with his bereaved father he stepped out of the mourning coach. “Not going to bury *me*,” said he again, as they stooped o’er the grave, to take a last look, and bid a lingering farewell. Oh, what an appeal was *that*! How timely! One remained—and though but one—it served to remind Arthur that he had duties to perform which neither cowardice nor selfishness should make him willing to forego.



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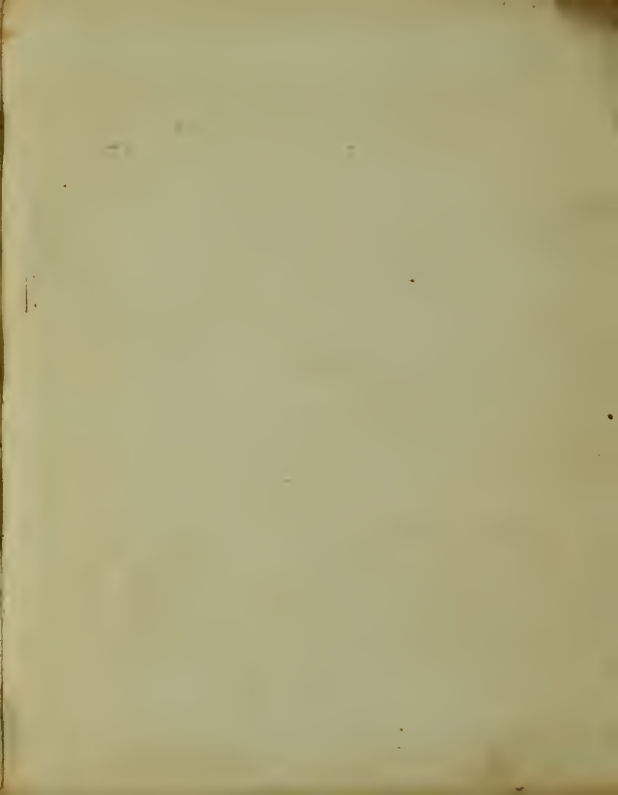
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